Is very painfull.

Quic. Are you auiſed of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,
And he is ſuch a honeſt man, and he ſhould chance
To come home and finde a man here, we ſhould
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord bleſſe me, who knocks there?
For Gods ſake ſtep into the Counting-houſe,
While *I* goe ſee whoſe at doore.

He ſteps into the Counting-houſe.

What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*,
Are you come home ſir alreadie?

And ſhe opens the doore.

Doct. *I* begar *I* be forget my oyntment,
VVhere be *Iohn Rugby*?

Enter Iohn.

Rug. Here ſir, do you call?

Doc. *I* you be *Iohn Rugbie*, and you be *Iack Rugby*
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe preſent:
Make haſt *Iohn Rugbie*. O *I* am almoſt forget
My ſimples in a boxe in de Counting-houſe:
O *Ieſhu* vat be here, a deuella, a deuella?
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-houſe?
I tinck you be a teefe.

Quic. *Ieſhu* bleſſe me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord ſir no: *I* am no theefe,
I am a Seruingman:

My

My name is *Iohn Simple*, *I* brought a Letter ſir
From my M. *Slender*, about miſteris *Anne Page*
Sir: *I*ndeed that is my comming.

Doc. *I* begar is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma pen
An *I*nck: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

The Doctor writes.

Sim. O God what a furious man is this?

Quic. Nay it is well he is no worſe:
I am glad he is ſo quiet.

Doc. Here giue dat ſame to ſir *Hu*, it ber ve chalēge
Begar tell him *I* will cut his naſe, will you?

Sim. *I* ſir, *I*le tell him ſo. (may.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, follow

Exit Doctor.

Quic. VVell my friend, *I* cannot tarry, tell your
Maiſter *I*le doo what *I* can for him,
And ſo farewell.

Sim. Mary will *I*, *I* am glad *I* am got hence.

Exit omnes.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page, *reading of a Letter.*

(reaſon,

Miſ. Pa. Miſtreſſe *Page I* loue you. Aske me no
Becauſe theyr impoſſible to alledge. Your faire,
And *I* am fat. Yon loue ſack, ſo do *I*:
As *I* am ſure *I* haue no mind but to loue,
So *I* know you haue no hart but to grant (knowes
A ſouldier doth not vſe many words, where a
A letter may ſerue for a ſentence. *I* loue you,
And ſo *I* leaue you.

Yours Syr Iohn Falſtaffe.

Now